

HE WHO DIED AT AZIM.

HE who died at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends :

Faithful friends ! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow ;
And ye say, " Abdallah's dead !"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers ;
Yet I smile and whisper this —
" *I* am not the thing you kiss :
Cease your tears, and let it lie ;
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends ! what the women lave,
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a bird, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room —
The wearer, not the garb — the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars . . .
That kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends ! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye :
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'T is an empty sea-shell — one
Out of which the pearl has gone :
The shell is broken, it lies there ;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'T is an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him : let it lie !
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold is in his store !

Allah glorious ! Allah good !
Now Thy world is understood ;
Now the long, long wonder ends ;
Yet ye weep, my ~~foolish~~ friends, *erring*
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you ; lost, 't is true,
In ~~For~~ the light that shines for you ;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of undisturbed felicity —
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends ! But not farewell ;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's worth, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept ;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain —
Sunshine still must follow rain ;
Only not at death — for death,
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above :
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home !
La-il Allah ! Allah la !
O love divine ! O love alway !

He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

FROM THE ARABIC.

MS A 12 v. 11 p. 71 (51)

~~J. J. G.~~

Mayfield, June 12, 1877.

Dear Miss Estlin:

I was much gratified to receive your long and interesting letter at Manchester, and meant to have answered it much sooner; but, what with sight-seeing, keeping appointments, replying to various kind notes, writing to beloved ones at home, &c., I was prevented doing so. Our friends in Manchester left nothing undone to make our visit there in all respects entertaining and delightful. It was particularly pleasant to meet again our warm-hearted and magnetic friend Rev. Mr. Steinthal, and also that most devoted and veteran laborer in the temperance cause, Thomas H. Barker. Mr. Raper is at present in London. In Dr. Borchardt's family we found a charming home, and a friendship has been formed between us that will outlast the mutations of time.

1887

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On Monday we came to Chatsworth, to see the many curiosities contained therein, and the wonderful natural and artificial attractions in that romantic region - stopping one night at the Edensor Hotel. Yesterday we came here to grasp by the hand our highly esteemed friend Joseph Simpson, who visited us at Roxbury a few years ago, bringing liberal aid from this country for the Freedmen's schools, and who has been married and now has five darling little children since we parted from him. He has a fine residence, the view from which, with its immediate surroundings, is in the highest degree charming.

On Thursday we shall go to Oxford, and on Saturday evening hope to find ourselves in London, at the Royal Hotel, Blackfriars' bridge, which will probably be our head quarters for about a fortnight; when we shall proceed to Bristol, and may have the pleasure of seeing you by the 30th inst. We shall try to remain four days in B., stopping half of the time with Miss Carpenter, and the other half

with you, as may be most convenient to you both - an arrangement which Miss C., I am sure, will readily agree to, for various reasons. The death of her dear good brother Philip, at Montreal, must be sorely felt by her and all the surviving members of the family. They all have my warmest sympathies.

Dear Mr. May, of Leicester, has written to me in a very tender and appreciative manner respecting the death and burial of our faithful anti-slavery coadjutor Edmund Quincy. I was not at home at the time, but with Fanny and her family, in New York, getting ready to embark for England.

It will delight me to meet the Pious men and Mrs. Helen Bright Clark, and others of kindred spirit in your section.

My health is improving. Frank sends his kind regards and best wishes.

Your attached friend
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.